ABILENE REFLECTOR

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OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

'Tis a saying trite, repeated ofttimes,
"A housekeeper's work is never done;"
The household wheels must be oiled each day
And the work go on from sun to sun.

There is washing, and ironing, and baking to do
While swift as a weaver's shuttle time goes,
And the small jobs sandwiched between these tasks
No one but a housekeeper guesses or knows.

The Johns of the household have their weak points,
Although for the most part good men and true;
Not faults that are glaring; oh, no; no, no!
But follies and foibles like me and like you.

Some Johns have a penchant for delicate bread,
And some for a mealy potato,
And some we have known covet polished shirt fronts,
And this, we must own, is but nature.

The children, too, must be coddled and fed.
Their bruises court-plastered, and each little sprite
Schooled, scolded, and guarded from perils by day.
And lovingly, tenderly cared for at night.

Wearisome, isn't it, sisters all?
Wearing alike to heart and brain.
No way to avoid it, no way to shirk
Doing the same things over again.

But would we exchange, for store, or shop,
Or the factory's busy, unceasing whirl,
The quiet home where we reign a queen,
And go back again and again be a girl?

No; we'll cherish our homes, and each pet her John,
And nurture with care the children dear,
Patiently, cheerfully filling our lives,
Doing the same things year after year.

—*James Buckham, in Harper's Weekly.*

ALL A MISTAKE.

But It Nearly Wrecked the Happiness of Two Lives.

There probably was not a brighter or a cozier room in any house in New York than the breakfast room in John Wheatleigh's house. It was somewhere in the 30's, just off of Fifth avenue, of which a glimpse could be caught through the east windows, which admitted a flood of sunlight on the glass and fine damask of the table, and brought out the golden lights in Mrs. Wheatleigh's brown hair.

There could not have been a more agreeable couple to look upon, either—he, tall, athletic, with an open, manly countenance—she, pretty, elegant and womanly. They were a happy pair, too, as happiness goes, and no heavier cloud darkened their matrimonial sky than the one which was now hovering over the breakfast table. For that there was a cloud this morning there could be no possible doubt. The fullness about Mrs. Wheatleigh's lips, the droop of her lids, and the elevation of her eyebrows formed an undeniable pout, while her husband's face expressed doubt, anxiety and annoyance in turn. Though the atmosphere was clear when the meal began, the doubt had been lurking in John Wheatleigh's eyes ever since he took his seat at the table. In his heart it expressed itself in the hesitation between "I will tell her" and "I won't tell her." The won'ts had the best of it at first; it seemed unnecessary; there was no reason why he should, and perhaps Nettie would not understand it, which would be very awkward. Then he considered the affirmative side of the question; Nettie was a thoroughly sensible woman, she had never shown the least trace of jealousy; any thing that he would tell her about, honestly and openly, she would consider right, or if she did not she would tell him so gently and without any fuss.

He looked at her as she bent her pretty head over the morning paper, humming a little tune meanwhile. She seemed to feel his gaze, and glancing up at him, smiled. John's heart smote him. How could he think of keeping any thing from his sweet little wife! Of course he would tell her—he was half sorry he had promised to go; if she objected he wouldn't. "Just as soon as I finish this egg," thought he; "in the meantime I'll think of the best way to tell her."

That was a fatal egg for John. He was some time in disposing of it. When he had finished he cleared his throat, and had actually uttered the initial N of his wife's name when Mrs Wheatleigh cried: "O, John, they are going to play 'Cymbeline' to-night; won't you take me?"

That question was the death knell of John Wheatleigh's confession. He could never tell his wife, in excuse for not taking her to the theater, that he was going himself with another lady, or at least a party in which there were other ladies.

"To-night did you say, Nettie? I don't believe that I can go to-night."

"O, John, why not?"

"Won't to-morrow night do?"

"No," said Mrs. Wheatleigh, looking at the paper, "this is the only performance of 'Cymbeline.'"

"I am going to be out to-night, Nettie; I don't think I can take you very well; but any other night I will be glad to."

"You are going to the club, I suppose. I wish you did not spend so much time there. Is this something so important that it can't be put off? I do want to see 'Cymbeline' so much."

"See here, Nettie, it's like this," said John; Ed Wilson, a friend of mine from out of town, is going to be here to-night, and I want to show him around a little and—and take him to the club, perhaps; in fact, I've written to him promising to meet him. Now do be reasonable, Nettie."

The cloud lifted from Mrs. Wheatleigh's brow entirely. "I will be reasonable, John; of course if you are engaged with your friend, I shan't interfere. I'll tell you what I might do. If you will get the tickets, I'll send over to Cynthia Olds to go with me; she will be glad of the chance. We'll take a cab and drive to the theater, and it will be perfectly safe."

John was glad to have the matter settled so easily, but his wife's sharp speech still rankled a little, and he felt that he ought not to give in all at once.

"I don't like your going out at night without an escort, and I don't like your going with Cynthia Olds, anyhow. What you see in her to make you want to continue the intimacy, I can't imagine. She is a silly, simpering old girl, without an idea that she hasn't got from some yellow-backed novel, and a woman whose tongue runs as hers does is sure to be a dangerous companion."

"Cynthia is not so bad as you make her out, John; she is foolish about some things, I know, and exaggerates a good deal, but I never heard her say any thing ill-natured about anybody. It is a pleasure to take her out, she enjoys every thing so much. But as you evidently do not wish me to go to the theater, I shall say no more about it."

"There, my dear, you may do as you like," said John. "Ask Cynthia to go with you and I will bring the tickets to-night." And so all was serene.

When John Wheatleigh took his seat in the elevated train he drew a letter from his pocket—the letter which caused the little jar in his home that had so quickly subsided. He read it hastily:

"NEWARK, N. J., April 10.—Dear Wheatleigh: I am coming over to New York on Thursday with my wife and her sister—you remember Ethel, of course. We want to go somewhere in the evening, and would be delighted to have you join us at the Hoffman House at six for dinner, and make a partie carree. I hear the operetta of 'Madame Roquette' is very good; may I commission you to secure four places for our party and don't fail to meet us? My wife wishes to be remembered. Yours truly, E. H. WILSON."

"Confound it," he muttered, "I don't like it; I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry to accept his invitation."

He remembered Miss Ethel very well; a handsome girl she was, too, but not handsomer than her sister, Mrs. Wilson. "Of course they couldn't have asked Nettie; they don't know her. I'm hanged, though, if I think it's the thing to invite a married man without his wife. I wish I'd told her! However, I am in for it now, I suppose."

He left the train and went to a theatre where a great artist was playing Shaksperean dramas, and bought two places for "Cymbeline." Then he went on to his office. All morning, however, he was absent-minded and low-spirited; he let several good opportunities on the exchange pass unnoticed. About noon he made a sudden resolution. "I shan't dine with them at any rate; I'll go home and take dinner with Nettie; I'll compromise on that." He sat down and wrote:

"DEAR WILSON: I am very sorry, but I find it impossible to get away in time to take dinner with you this evening. I shall join you at the theater, though, and therefore enclose the three tickets for yourself and ladies, to whom please make my compliments and regrets at being obliged to forgo a part of the pleasure of the evening. Faithfully, WHEATLEIGH."

Comic opera was a form of entertainment which John Wheatland loathed, yet here he had consigned himself to enduring three hours of jingling music and prancing women, while refusing to go with his wife to witness a noble play.

He put the three tickets into the envelope with his note and sealed it, thinking to himself meanwhile: "I wish there was some way out of the whole business—I might say I was ill—poor little Nettie! 'Madame Rouquette,' indeed! Pshaw!"

Then he called a messenger, dispatched his letter, and in so doing laid the train to a pretty mine, which by evening might explode with a formidable result.

You will probably guess what John Wheatleigh did in his absent-minded, self-reproachful state of mind, so there need be no secret about it. He was reckoned one of the shrewdest and keenest-witted men on the cotton exchange, yet he did now what shrewd and keen-witted men sometimes do—committed an egregious blunder.

He had in his pocket six theater tickets. All were red, and of the same general appearance. He inclosed the two tickets he had bought for his wife, and one operetta ticket in the note to his friend Wilson, and thus the three tickets he retained, one for himself and two for Nettie, were all for "Madame Rouquette."

When he came home to dinner Nettie met him with a smile. "Could you get the tickets, John, dear? O, I'm so glad! Cynthia will go. How I wish, though, it was you!"

"Indeed, I wish it was, Nettie. I would break this engagement to-night if I could, but Wilson is an old friend and I would not like to offend him."

"And I wouldn't like to have you either, dear. I was cross this morning, wasn't I? I was sorry for it though, afterward. Please forgive me, John, dear—you are always good to me," and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Aren't you well, John? You look pale."

"Yes, quite well, Nettie; a little headache, that is all."

Mrs. Wheatleigh was not quite dressed when her husband came to bid her good-bye. "I'll try to be back as soon as you are, Nettie," he said, as he kissed her. He was on the stair when his wife called to him: "John, you haven't given me the tickets!—don't come back; I'll run down to you."

He fumbled hastily in his pocket and drew out the three tickets. "Madame Roquette—that's mine"—he heard Nettie on the stairs—these other two are hers—don't come down, dear; there they are."

"You foolish boy," said Nettie, "you are sure you are quite well, John? There—good night."

Cynthia was not quite ready when the cab stopped at her door. Her toilet was a matter requiring great preparation; presently, though, she came running out.

"How are you, dear Nettie?—so good of you to think of me so often! Isn't Mr. Wheatleigh going? Just we two? How nice! What is 'Cymbeline,' Nettie? Shakespeare, isn't it? I don't think I ever read it—is it a tragedy? How nice!"

"No, Mr. Wheatleigh couldn't go to-night," explained Nettie, "he had an important engagement with a business friend at the club."

Cynthia rattled on telling Nettie of all her comings, and goings since their last meeting until they reached the theater. They entered the house and Nettie handed her tickets to the man at the gate.

"You're in the wrong place, ladies," said he; "these tickets don't belong here."

"Dear me," said Nettie, "where are we? Did the cabman make a mistake? Aren't you playing 'Cymbeline'?"

"Yes ma'am, but these tickets are for 'Madame Roquette,' at an up-town house. The address is on your tickets—please step aside a moment, ladies."

"O, how provoking," said Nettie. "How could John have made a mistake! He knew it was 'Cymbeline' I wanted to see—we talked of it quite awhile."

"Perhaps they will exchange them at the box-office" suggested Cynthia.

"O, no, they won't do that," replied Nettie, taking out her purse: "we must buy new tickets. Dear me, I have only enough here to pay the cabman! Have you any money, Cynthia?"

Cynthia humbly acknowledged to not having a penny.

"Well, there is nothing to do, then, but to drive home," said Nettie. "O, I am so disappointed!" They found a cab and were rolling up-tawn when Cynthia said: "Nettie, so long as we have the tickets, why shouldn't we go to see 'Madame Roquette?' I hear it is splendid. Floria de Brassi sings in it, you know. If we don't like it we can come away in a little while."

"Very well, Cynthia," replied Nettie, apathetically. She was thinking how could he have been so careless, when he knew she wanted so much to see this play! But she had invited Cynthia to go with her and felt bound to make the best of the matter.

Cynthia hastily put her head out of the window and told the man where to drive. Secretly she was delighted at the change in the programme. Shakespeare was very nice, of course, but such a thing as "Madame Roquette" was not to be seen every day. "Bennie de Forrest was telling me all about it last night, Nettie," she said, "he says it is simply grand, and that Floria de Brassi is the loveliest, most bewitching thing! The men are all wild about her. She sings a 'topical song' or something, called 'Now He's a Married Man,' that brings down the house, Bennie says. I don't know that I approve of such things," she added, deprecatingly, "but it's well enough to go once in awhile, especially when everybody is talking about a thing; it makes one feel like going to see it in spite of one's self; don't you think so?"

"I suppose it does, Cynthia; I never heard any thing about it."

The operetta had begun when they entered the theater. A little man accompanied by two handsome ladies was raising a great commotion about something with an usher. Nettie just glanced at them as she passed. Their seats were in the orchestra, and the house seemed quite full, with the exception of one chair adjoining their own. Cynthia divested herself of her jacket at once and prepared to enjoy herself.

"We can put our things on that seat next to you, Nettie; if anybody comes we'll take them away again," she said.

Nettie placed Cynthia's coat in the vacant seat, and as she did so her eyes fell on the man beyond it; he was staring at her with wide open eyes and hanging jaw; he looked quite stupefied. The man was her husband.

"Why, John! how came you here? I thought—is this a surprise, or a joke—what does it mean, John?"

"Nettie," he said, hastily, "there has been a mistake; I found it out and came—I mean let us go quickly—quickly, Nettie!" He rose to his feet; Nettie was quite bewildered, while Cynthia stared—"Quick, Nettie——"

"Ah, Wheatleigh, I've found you, have I?" cried a little man bustling up; "such a deuce of a time I've had. What on earth did you mean by sending me one ticket for this place and two for somewhere else, Lord knows where! I've been having a fine row back there, and the girls are as mad as hornets. Maud didn't like it when you didn't come to dinner, anyhow. O, I can promise you a jolly scolding. How did you make such a bull? Are these the seats here? The usher will try to straighten the thing out if these ladies will kindly let him see their coupons. May be——" His words were drowned in a burst of applause. Floria de Brassi, as the young Prince Gaillard, had bounded on the stage—a glory of blonde hair and silk fleshings. Nettie had not an idea of what the trouble was about; she looked at her husband, who was still standing. His face was white, his lips moved, but she could not hear the words. The usher was saying something to Cynthia, who was helplessly fumbling at her bag for the coupons Nettie had handed her when they came in; but what was this the woman on the stage was singing, her hands pressed to her heart, and her eyes rolled up in mock agony?

"Ah sweet secluded one!
Ah, poor deluded one!
He'll fool you if he can.
Now he's a married man,
Ha—ha!
Now he's a married man."

Nettie comprehended every thing in a flash. The little man and the two handsome women standing back there belonged to her husband's party—through some mistake she and Cynthia were in their places, and they were trying to get them out. She rose to her feet and turned to her husband with indignant eyes. "Nettie, come with me," he said, in a low voice. "I will explain every thing." Nettie felt a strong revulsion; she grasped Cynthia by the wrist and hurried her away. "One moment, ladies—I mean no offense," said the little man—"by Jove, Wheatleigh, they've gone!"

In the aisle they almost ran into a man staggering under a great basket of flowers; the odor made Nettie faint.

As for Cynthia she only knew that something dreadful had happened. Nettie was deathly pale and looked straight before her, not having uttered a word since they left the theater. Cynthia took her two hands and held them tight, not knowing what else to do. How terrible it all was, yet how wildly exciting! She recalled John Wheatleigh's haggard face, the excitable voice of the little man, the well-bred amazement with which the two women had regarded them as they went out—she thought she had seen those women before; indeed, it was such an adventure that poor Cynthia found herself taking a kind of guilty joy in the situation. And Nettie—how stonily she stared before her; she didn't look like Nettie Wheatleigh at all. Would it be in the papers in the morning? Would Nettie get a divorce? Every body would know that she had been there and had seen it all, and would come to her for the particulars. Cynthia fairly grew giddy at the prospect of her coming importance. Now they were at Nettie's house, she must go in; she could not leave the poor girl while she looked like that. Then Nettie spoke for the first time.

"Come in the house," she said, hoarsely; "tell the man to wait."

She ran up-stairs and flung herself upon the bed, face downward. Cynthia gently took off her bonnet and would have bathed her face, but Nettie motioned her away. She did not cry or make a sound, but only buried her face in the pillows as though she felt a thousand eyes upon her and was ashamed.

There was a violent ring at the bell, and John Wheatleigh came rushing up the stairs. She sprang to her feet.

"Nettie, darling, where are you? O, Nettie, don't look at me like that—let me tell you! Miss Olds please go into the next room for a few moments; I must speak to my wife alone."

"Stop; remain where you are, Cynthia. Do you not see that whatever you have to say to me must be said before her—now?"

"Nettie, dearest, it was all a mistake. That was Ned Wilson, his wife and her sister. I was going with them, you see—to meet them, that is, and I mixed the tickets up—I gave you—I ought to have told you."

"It was shameful," she said, in a low, hard voice, "to humiliate me before all those people, before Cynthia, before"—she shuddered—"those two women."

"Nettie, I swear I meant to tell you—at the table this morning, the words were on my very lips to tell you. I had written to Ned Wilson then, but I had made up my mind not to go if you didn't want me to, and just as I was going to speak you asked me to take you—then we had that silly little quarrel, and I foolishly went away without telling you. If you knew how miserable I had felt all day—it was that that made me send—O God! she doesn't believe me!" and the poor boy covered his face with his hands and gave a great sob. Then it was that the true and beautiful womanly instinct arose and showed itself in the despised Cynthia.

"Nettie," she said, firmly, you are making too much of this; your husband has done no wrong—look at him, Nettie. He concealed something from you because he was piqued—it was foolish, but not wicked, and he was sorry for it before it was made known to you in the way it was to-night. I know who Mrs. Wilson is, and who her sister is—he loves you and nobody else. You can trust me, can't you, when I promise never to speak of this to any one, and—and Nettie, I shall try to forget it myself."

"O, I did not deserve it, John; I did not, indeed!" and Nettie flung herself sobbing on her husband's neck, as Cynthia silently withdrew.

All his life John Wheatleigh loved Cynthia Olds for those words. The simper on her kindly face was as a beautiful smile to him ever after—her harmless twaddle as pleasant music.

The operetta of 'Madame Roquette' had a long run in the metropolis. The airs were played on hand organs, by street bands, and by energetic young ladies on the piano, but although Nettie forgave her husband freely, and restored him to her perfect confidence, she could never hear "Now He's a Married Man," without a spasm of the heart.—*The Epoch.*

Toilet Recipes of Ancient Egypt.

Curious hair recipes occur on some of the papyri, some of which are very absurd. One to prevent the hair from turning gray directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf cooked in oil; in another that of a black bull is preferred for the same object. Evidently the color of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair. In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for really strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious friend. Cakes of some composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of the guests at least, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the hair. A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have given great pleasure; and with the Egyptians as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness. Rouge and other coloring substances were used by women of Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line under them; the lashes and eyebrows were penciled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the henna plant.—*Woman's World.*

—On a windy day in New York recently thirteen hats were blown from the Brooklyn bridge to return no more to the heads of their sorrowing owners.

BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

Congressman McKinley, of Ohio, Exposes the Great Evils of Free Trade Before the Georgia Chautauqua Assembly—Why the Protective Policy Under Which the Country Has Prospered Should Be Continued.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 22.—The event yesterday at the Georgia Chautauqua was a speech by Representative McKinley, who had come from Washington to address the people on the advantages of the protective policy. Among the large audience were some of the leading citizens of Georgia Major McKinley was introduced by Judge Howard Van Epps and was warmly received.

Major McKinley, having thanked the society for the courtesy of its invitation, said that he had come to address them upon a public question of great National import, which concerns not only the prosperity of one section, but of all sections of our common country, and which is of commanding interest to our sixty millions of people. The different theories of taxation have an interest now which they have never possessed before. Public thought is awakened and the citizen is investigating for himself. Frank discussion and thoughtful consideration of the two conflicting theories are therefore demanded in the present state of the public mind, as well as the condition of our National Treasury. There are some things upon which all are in accord, and which are so manifest as to require no argument or amplification. They are admitted facts. Among them are that the United States has no income, except what it secures by taxes collected from its people. It must collect its money, whatever may be its actual requirements, either by direct taxes or by duties upon imports. The American sentiment is practically unanimous in favor of raising at least a large share of the revenue for the Government by levying duties upon foreign importations.

Free-traders, so-called, or to be more exact, the advocates of a revenue tariff, believing with the other school of political economists in import duties, insist that duties shall be levied upon that class of foreign products which are not produced in the United States, the principle being that revenue is the sole and only object of such taxation, and that a duty levied upon such foreign products as have little or no home competition will secure the largest revenue with the smallest rate of duty.

An illustration familiar to all of you are the products of tea and coffee.

If, however, the duty is levied upon the foreign competing product, it is made so low, having revenue only in view, that the effect is to destroy home competition and increase the revenue therefrom by increasing importation. Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, an eminent lawyer and experienced statesman, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives May 18, 1878, defined a revenue duty as follows: "Therefore, as no higher duty to be laid than is needed to raise the requisite revenue on any particular article, it follows that the true revenue duty is the lowest duty which will bring the required revenue."

This definition is a fair and frank one, and I accept it. A revenue tariff is, therefore, such a one as will produce the largest revenue from the lowest duty. The lowest rate of duty will encourage importations, diminish home production, and inevitably increase the revenue; it will of necessity check competition at home and send our merchants abroad to buy; it affords no protection, not even incidental. A revenue tariff is inconsistent with protection; it is intended for a wholly different purpose. It loses its force and character as a genuine revenue tariff when it becomes to any extent protective. It has but one object. It can have but one effect—that of opening up our markets to the foreign producer, impoverishing the home producer and enriching his foreign rival. England is more nearly a free-trade country than any other, and her system of taxation furnishes an unmistakable example of the practice and principle of a revenue tariff. Her import duties are imposed almost exclusively upon articles which can not be produced by her own people upon her own soil, while practically all competing products of foreign make and production are admitted through her custom-houses free of duty.

It will be observed that her duties are more largely imposed upon peculiarly American products than upon any others. The duty upon tobacco is, according to moisture, from 84 to 92 cents per pound for the raw or manufactured article. The manufactured article is made dutiable at 20 cents a pound greater than the raw product, which, with all of England's boasted free trade, is intended as a protection to those engaged in the manipulation of tobacco. It is almost prohibitive to Americans who would export manufactured tobacco.

Another example of this protection is found in coffee and cocoa.

More than $96,000,000, or nearly one-fourth of the British revenues, are raised from customs duties. You will note the character of taxation to which the revenue invites the people of the United States. Both the breakfast table and the sick-room are made to bear a large part of the burden under the British system of taxation. It is not without significance that the nearer we approach this system, the more generous the bestowal of British commendation. It is in vain for the British statesman to assure us that their system is best for us. "It is folly," said Washington in his farewell address, "in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay, with a portion of its independence, for whatever it may accept under that character. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure and which a just pride ought to discard."

The other theory of taxation, and the one which I believe to be essential to American development and National prosperity, is based upon an exactly opposite principle. It permits all articles of foreign production, whether of the field, the factory, or the mine, except luxuries only, which we can not produce in the United States, to enter our ports free and unburdened by custom-house exactions. The duty is to be imposed upon the foreign competing product, that is, the product which, if brought into this country, would contend with the products of our own soil, our own labor and our own factories, in our own markets.

This mode of levying duties answers a double purpose. A revenue tariff accomplishes but a single purpose—that of raising revenue; it has no other mission, while a protective tariff accomplishes this and more—it brings revenue to the American Treasury and discriminates in favor of the American citizen. A revenue tariff invites the product of foreign labor and foreign capital to our markets free and unrestrained in competition with the product of our own labor and capital. A protective tariff says to the world of producers: "If you want to share with the citizens of the United States their home market, you must pay for the privilege of doing it. Your products shall not enter in free and unrestrained competition with the product of our own people, but shall be discriminated against to such an extent as to fully protect and defend our own."

Hon. Alexander Stephens, a distinguished citizen of your own State, and endeared to the people of the South, stated on June 23, 1882, the theory so well that I beg to quote from him:

"The best way to raise revenue is by duties upon imports. They bear less heavily on the tax-payers, and, as legislators, that is what we should look to. In levying duties on imports, you can, at the same time, make foreign producers pay for the use of your markets, and, in that way, incidentally and properly, give aid and protection to American industry. It is not true, as a general proposition, that the consumer pays all the duty imposed upon commodities brought from other countries. This is a question that I can not now argue. In most instances, where the duties are judiciously laid, they are borne partly by the consumer, and partly by the importer."

It is alleged as a serious objection to protective duties that the tax, whatever it may be, increases the cost of the foreign as well as the domestic product to the extent of such tax or duty, and that it is wholly paid by the consumer. This objection would be worthy of consideration if it were true.

There is not in the long line of staple products consumed by the people a single one which has not been cheapened by competition at home, made possible by protective duties.

Exactly the opposite is true of revenue tariffs. They are always paid by the consumer. Supposing, for instance, there was a tax upon tea and coffee. There being no production of these articles in the United States, and therefore no competition, the cost to the American public would be the cost abroad, and the duty added. We imported last year 526,489,000 pounds of coffee. A duty of ten cents a pound would have produced to the Government over $52,000,000, which would have been paid by the 12,000,000 families of this country, consumers of this article. The duty collected from imported sugar amounted to $58,000,000. The domestic production was so inconsiderable as compared with the domestic consumption as to have had little, if any, appreciable effect upon the price to the consumer, and therefore this sum was almost wholly paid by our own citizens, and the cost of sugar to the American consumer, because of the inadequate home supply, is practically the foreign price, duty added.

"If you take any American production which is large enough to supply the domestic demand, the effect is different. Then the foreign production must undersell his home production in order to get a foothold in this market, and therefore the foreign producer is willing to surrender the whole duty, or a considerable part of it, consenting to take less profits for the sake of extending his markets with the hope of ultimately destroying home competition. The real question, therefore, is whether in raising money to supply the Government needs, we should have thoughtful concern of the industrial interests of the people we represent, or, discarding every other consideration, shall adjust our duties upon the revenue principle to secure revenue and revenue only. The protective system but invokes the highest law of nature, that of self preservation. There is every reason, founded in justice, why the American producer should in every constitutional way be favored as against the foreign producer whose products compete with his. This is our natural market. We have made it. We have made it after a century of struggle. We have made it at a cost of capital and brain and muscle. We have preserved it against foreign wars and domestic conflicts at great sacrifice of men and money. The foreign producer has contributed nothing to the growth or development of the country, and in the case of a revenue tariff, his product never bears the burden.

Whatever we put upon it is borne by our own people and in no wise shared by him. This principle of caring for our own is founded upon the highest authority, human and divine. It commences with the family, extends up through the community to the State, and at last to the Nation. There is no city in the country in any section that does not invoke this principle in the administration of municipal government for the protection and encouragement of its own citizens. The itinerant vendor is taxed in every city of the land. If he would expose his wares upon the streets of Atlanta at public auction I doubt not the city government compels him to pay a tax for the privilege of doing it, and that tax is added for the ordinary revenues of the city to assist in meeting its obligations. And this is done upon exactly the same principle that we tax the foreign competing product under the system of protection. It is done to protect and defend the resident merchants of your city, who are with you always, within your jurisdiction, subject to your laws, contributing to the wealth and progress of your city, paying taxes to adorn and beautify it, paying taxes to support your public schools and make public improvements. The itinerant vendor has no such relation to your community. He is no part of your political organism. He comes and goes; he is not a taxpayer, he shares in none of the burdens of your people; he is a free-trader who looks upon your market as much his and as open to him as to yourself. Your city government taxes him to diminish the burdens borne by your own citizens. This is protection, simple and pure, and is the exact character of that which we would apply to foreign nations seeking our markets.

The revenue-tariff periods of our history, Mr. McKinley said, have been the periods of greatest financial revulsions and industrial decadence, of want and poverty among the people, private enterprises checked and public works retarded. From 1833 to 1842, under the low tariff legislation then prevailing, business was at a standstill, and our merchants and traders were bankrupted; our industries were paralyzed, our labor remained idle, and our capital was unemployed. Foreign products crowded our markets, destroyed domestic competition, and, as invariably follows, the price of commodities to consumers were appreciably raised. It is an instructive fact that every panic this country has ever experienced has been preceded by enormous importations. From 1846 to 1861, a similar situation was presented under the low tariff of that period. There was but a single year in which the balance of trade was not against us. During the last fifteen years, under a protective tariff, on the contrary, the balance of trade was in our favor, with the exception of one year. This contrast, Mr. McKinley insisted, makes an interesting exhibit of the work under the two systems. He quoted instances to show our wonderful growth, and said it would have been impossible under a revenue tariff. He said the South was wonderfully rich in raw materials and her own skilled labor should be employed in turning them into manufactures. He discussed the objection to the protective system that it hindered the foreign trade by making raw material more costly. This, he said, was not so, because drawbacks were allowed to exporters equal to 99 per cent. of any duty that they had paid on raw materials. Free raw materials could not always secure an export trade, as was shown in the leather business, only two per cent. of the manufactured articles being exported. Mr. McKinley declared that the home market was the best. Protection ensured work for the American laborer and was in the interest of the people as against the moneyed classes. In conclusion he said the protective system must stand as a whole or fall. As Burke said of liberty: "It is only perfect when universal." It must be protection for all interests requiring or it must be free trade or a revenue tariff and rest alike on all classes and portions of the country. It was not a sectional question and its settlement should be influenced by patriotism, National interest and National pride.

TIRED OF DEMOCRACY.

Prominent Democrats Who Have Joined the Republican Ranks.

Joseph Martin, of Newburg, N. Y., prominent in local Democratic circles, has come out strongly for Harrison.

Orville B. Terwilliger, of Amsterdam, N. Y., a Democrat all his life, will vote for Harrison and Morton next November.

John D. Carson, a Dalton (Mass.) paper manufacturer, heretofore a Democrat, announces that he can not support Cleveland and Thurman this year.

The first Republican club ever formed at Bay Side, L. I., has just been organized and about fifty members enrolled, most of whom have heretofore been Democrats.